

## CORNER OF GRIEF IS HERS TO HOLD.

This Mother Knew Nothing  
of Any Copartnership  
in Sympathy.

Saw Her Baby Fading from Life  
for Want of Care, but  
Was Helpless.

At Last in Frenzy She Ran to the  
Street with the Dying Infant  
in Her Arms.

SENT TO THE POLICE STATION.

When the Ambulance Arrived the Child Had  
Passed Beyond the Power of the Physi-  
cian's Help—Just One Simple Story  
of Midsummer Tenement Life.

Picture yourself in a room as broad as it  
is long, with two windows that admit heat  
but not light. The floor is bare. In one  
corner stands a table, in another a chair  
as in a third corner a rickety bed. Upon  
the mantelpiece stands a can of milk, fast  
turning sour, a comb and brush and a  
faded photograph of a wife-looking man.

Under the mantelpiece stands a cradle,  
and there is nothing else in the room.  
This is Mrs. Louisa Posthler's home, and  
if you will climb through the darkness to the  
top floor of the tenement at No. 125 East  
Third street you will find it exactly as it  
is described.

There Mrs. Posthler came with her three-  
month-old baby, Freda, a month ago to  
begin life anew. Her husband, to get rid of  
her, had sent her to his parents in Ger-  
many; they had supported her as long as  
they could, for they, too, are poor, and  
she had returned to this country to learn  
why her husband had never written to her.

His had disappeared, leaving no trace, and  
now, with the baby, she must begin the  
fight all over again.

Everything had been pawned and her  
earnings were barely sufficient to keep body  
and soul together. One night she went out  
to drown herself, but there are so many  
babies on those East Side streets these hot  
nights—Mrs. Posthler went back and took  
Freda in her arms.

Mrs. Posthler is thirty-one years old—you  
could see the women of that age who  
dandled at the seaside resorts and look as  
if they were twenty. Upon Mrs. Posthler's  
face time had set, not his hand but his  
heel, and in her eyes there was the look  
of a hunted soul, and the lines were sharply  
drawn and deep.

It is the Divine dispensation that the  
weak babe must know the sufferings of  
its mother, and upon the sufferings of Mrs.  
Posthler it would be inhuman to dwell.  
You are to know only of how her relief  
came.

THE HEAT OF SUNDAY NIGHT WAS MADDENING.  
The humid air lay upon the city like a va-

porous pall, oppressing the skin and lying  
like lead upon the lungs. Each inhalation  
produced the sensation of stifling. There  
was no relief save in sleep, and Mrs. Pos-  
thler could not sleep.

She had felt shooting pains in her breast  
all during the day, and she knew that she  
was sick. Yet the baby had to be nursed.  
Women of the East Side do not understand  
the system of floating hospitals and chari-  
table institutions that take care of babies,  
and when, at nightfall, the child began to  
cry and its eyes grew bloodshot, the mother  
felt little surprise.

The knowledge that the baby might die  
could hardly intensify the ache that had  
been at her heart for many days. Her cup  
of sorrow has long been full. If it over-  
flowed she could only cry.

The baby was gasping for breath, and  
she mounted the short flight of stairs that  
led to the roof. The stars were shining  
dimly through a veil of vapor that seemed  
to overstretch the sky. The infant had  
lost its brilliancy and seemed to reflect all  
the misery that had been on earth.

The roof was still hot from the sunlight,  
and Mrs. Posthler went below for a chair.  
Leaning against a chimney, she sat for hours  
rocking the baby in her arms and looking  
down into the little, white face so drawn  
with pain. There was no breeze, the atmo-  
sphere was lifeless and the heat was as in-  
tense as it had been in the room.

LOOKED INTO ITS MOTHER'S FACE.  
The woman took no heed of the flight of  
time. The city's noises were hushed and  
the silence of the grave rested upon that  
roof. The baby had ceased crying and  
with eyes wide open looked up into its  
mother's face and breathed in short gasps,  
as if it could not get sufficient air.

It seemed to the mother as though she  
had been sitting there a lifetime, always  
with her gaze upon the baby's eyes, when  
suddenly the thought struck her that the  
little one had died. The eyes were still  
wide open, but a lifeless gaze seemed to  
have come over them. The mother felt her  
heart stand still, but presently the child  
drew a long breath and smiled.

Mrs. Posthler arose and went down into  
the street, with the baby in her arms. A  
policeman stood in front of the house  
swinging his club and yawning.

"Anything the matter?" he asked.  
"My baby," said the mother in a whisper.  
"My baby is going to die! Look at her!  
Isn't she lovely?"

The policeman looked at the woman for a  
moment, and then said:  
"Look here; you'd better go around to  
the station house and have them call up an  
ambulance. They'll take care of the baby."

The woman clutched his arm. "Where?"  
she cried, eagerly. "Where shall I take  
her? Tell me!"

The policeman went with her as far as  
the corner and pointed out the green light  
that shone in front of the Fifth Street Sta-  
tion.

The sergeant was writing at the desk,  
with the perspiration streaming down his  
face when a figure in black, tightly clinch-  
ing a small bundle, rushed into the room.  
"My baby!" cried the woman. "Oh, my  
lovely baby!"

"Sick?" asked the sergeant. "Wait and  
I'll call an ambulance."  
After sending in the call he brought the  
woman a chair and then made the entry  
upon the blotter.

Monday, 2:30 a. m. Louisa Posthler brought  
to three-month-old child, Freda. Sick. Ambu-  
lance call to Bellevue.

Then he resumed his work and the wom-  
an waited. Have you ever noticed how  
loudly the station house clock ticks in the  
silence of the night? Each tick falls like  
a ponderous blow, and seems to echo and  
reverberate through the brain as one sits  
and waits and waits.

The mother's eyes were always upon her  
baby's face. An unseen pallor had over-  
spread the little one's forehead and was  
fast creeping down into the soft cheeks.  
The clock ticked drearily, endlessly. Once  
or twice the woman looked up as if to  
speak, but each time she checked herself  
and held her child closer to her breast.

AND THEN THE VERDICT.

There was a rumble of wheels, the clang  
of a gong, and, before the ambulance had

come to a standstill a young surgeon, bag  
in hand, stepped briskly into the station.

"Where, oh, yes."  
The woman had sprung from her seat and  
was holding the baby before the surgeon's  
eyes. He looked intently into the little  
one's face.

"In afraid," he began, but checked him-  
self and took the small burden into his  
arms. He held it there only a moment—it  
seemed an age to the mother—then he gave  
it back to her.

"It's dead!" he said. "It's probably  
been dead for an hour."

"Can't you do anything for my baby,  
doctor?" sobbed the woman.

The young man shook his head and turned  
away. The woman looked at him a mo-  
ment, seemed about to speak, and then,  
in silence, clasped the body close to her  
bosom, and, with her tears falling upon the  
upturned, lifeless face, walked slowly out  
of the station.

The description of Mrs. Posthler's home  
which you read is incomplete. In the  
fourth corner stands a little coffin, covered  
with a white cloth. It is near the cradle.

Meteor Again a Winner.

Bothay, Fifth of Clyde, July 13.—The yacht  
Meteor, Alisa, Britannia, Santita and Carosa  
started today in a race open to all yachts  
exceeding forty rating, under the auspices of  
the Royal Northern Yacht Club. The first prize  
was 200 and the second £20, and the course  
was fifty miles. The race was won by the  
Meteor. The Alisa was second, and the Britannia  
third. In the race for twenty raters the Pen-  
test beat the Saint and the Niagara, the latter  
finishing last.

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## DAINTY GOWNS FOR MISS VANDERBILT.

Rich Parisian Creations in the  
Trousseau of Young Whit-  
ney's Bride.

Graceful and Artistic Features Sug-  
gest a Reversion to Styles  
of the Past.

ARTICLES OF AMERICAN MAKE, TOO.

A favored few were allowed yesterday to  
inspect some beautiful dresses recently  
brought from Paris for Miss Gertrude Van-  
derbilt, and presumably a portion of her  
wedding trousseau.

With the alternate announcements and

contradictions of society matters in gen-  
eral, it is difficult to hazard a conjecture  
as to the date of the Whitney-Vanderbilt  
wedding, but it is rumored that the latest  
plan is to have it take place in the city  
home, on Fifty-seventh street, in the early  
Fall. This would give the Grandmamma  
Vanderbilt special pleasure, as it is known  
to be her wish to breakfast or lunch the  
wedding party in her palatial Fifth avenue  
house.

It will be remembered that her hospital-  
ity was a feature of the wedding festivities  
of Mrs. William Jay Schieffelin, who was  
Louise Shepard, and a cousin of Miss Van-  
derbilt, and it has been a matter of no  
little regret that the weddings of two  
other grandchildren—Miss Alice Shepard  
and Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt—were so ar-  
ranged as to debar her from what she con-  
sidered her special privilege.

There were one or two noticeable fea-

tures in the frocks seen yesterday. The  
shoulders were cut slightly longer than of  
late, foot trimmings for the skirts and  
pretty, quaint changes in the sleeves sug-  
gestive of favorite styles of long ago. An  
Irish poplin of delicate silver gray con-

trasted the report that the box-plaited skirt  
of more than a quarter of a century ago  
was to be revived, the skirt being com-  
posed of four double box plaits, one in  
front, one at the back and one on each hip,  
so arranged as to produce an effect like the  
gilet skirt.

There was a full foot ruche of the pop-  
lin with a narrow centre row of sable fur.  
The sleeve was another ante-bellum revival  
of two medium-sized puffs from the shoul-  
der midway to the elbow; the remainder  
a "skin fit," buttoned on the inside from  
wrist to the bend of the arm, with tiny  
buttonholes of silver and bronze, and finish-  
ed with a cuff wrist of golden brown silk em-  
broided with silver and edged with a  
border of the fur.

The waist was ornamented with an odd,  
three-cornered stomacher of brown, em-  
broided with silver, and finished with an  
edging of sable. The waist, laced up at

the back over two rows of buttons corre-  
sponding to those on the sleeves, not  
larger than good sized glove buttons, and  
placed close together. A broad, high band  
of the gray poplin showed at the front  
of the neck for the space of about four

inches, where it met an equally high and  
slightly deeper turned over collar of the  
dark brown, edged with a narrow silver  
cord, while the gray band in front had  
a delicately embroidered tracing of the  
silver. Above all, so high that it would  
brush the chin, was a little band of the  
sable.

Another gown is a combination of colors  
that would at one time have appeared  
inharmoonious if not inartistic; but the  
French have a clever way of blending these  
things. The material is a mixture of silk  
and wool, soft and light to the touch,  
but the Arabesque figures and creped ef-  
fect give it more the appearance of some  
fabric for the upholsterer than the dress-  
maker. The ground work is in shades of  
blue, gray and gray-blues flecked together,  
and close examination shows tiny, irides-  
cent dots of forest green. Long, graceful  
leaves are scattered at wide distances over  
the whole.

At the foot of the skirt, and with a finger  
space between, are two box-plaited ruffles  
of gray blue silk, lined with green. The  
bodice is perfectly plain, the sleeves are  
small puffed at the shoulder, the remainder  
long and tight, ending in a point well up  
to the hand and finished with a full frill  
of exquisite, ruffled lace. The skirt is  
fitted to the bust and fastens "just  
over the heart line," with a full rosette of  
green. A full frill of lace matching that  
on the sleeves falls over the stock band  
of blue, which is finished at the back, un-  
der the lace, with an odd oval rosette of  
green.

The more perishable dresses were not un-  
folded, but were described as works of  
art. Much of the trousseau is to be purely  
American, and it is said when completed  
it will blot out arithmetical calculation.  
There are boxes of silk stockings, in colors  
to match various dresses, gloves galore,  
and among the beautiful pure white gar-  
ments brought over as patterns for a sup-  
ply to be made here were some dainty  
petticoats, some of them having two or  
three lace edged fluted ruffles. In the old-  
time fashion, before colored petticoats were  
considered a fault.

Miss Vanderbilt is partial to blue in its  
various shades, and there are knots of blue  
ribbon with dainty laces wherever it is  
permissible. Annapolis is said to be  
beautiful, and certainly she is just now  
prettier than ever, as she drives about  
Newport in her dainty carriage costumes.

FOR A BIG PLAYGROUND.

Board of Street Opening Receives a Petition  
Urging the Opening of a Municipal Park  
for East Side Children.

Members of the Board of Street Open-  
ing have received a petition signed by  
Bishop Potter, J. Pierpont Morgan, Everett  
F. Wheeler, R. Fulton Cutting and others,  
urging the opening at an early day of the  
first municipal playground in New York.

The petitioners are managers of the East  
Side Settlement House, which has for sev-  
eral years maintained a small park on the  
East River front, from Seventy-fifth to  
Seventy-sixth street.

Swings for children, a covered pavilion  
and a large bath house are on the prop-  
erty, which is 200 feet by 75 feet. If the  
city will give the plot adjoining this, be-  
tween Seventy-sixth and Seventy-eighth  
streets, these managers propose to turn it  
all into one splendid playground and breath-  
ing place for children of the East Side.  
The city plot is rocky, and is worth only  
about \$250,000.

The petitioners propose to plant trees,  
make walks and flower beds, erect another  
pavilion, and create a little paradise from  
Seventy-fifth to Seventy-eighth street. Im-  
mediately west of this is to be a college,  
with a free circulating library, reading  
rooms, classes for free instruction, a  
kindergarten and additional bathing facil-  
ities.

Comptroller Fitch, President Cruger, of  
the Park Board, and Mayor Strong have  
and this matter under advisement for sev-  
eral months. The object of the petition  
is to hurry them on to a favorable deci-  
sion.

WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

To the Editor of the Journal:  
Sir—Wishing to present a young man  
with a pipe, and not being of a poetic  
nature, I would kindly ask you to compose  
a few lines for me to accompany the same.  
By so doing you will greatly oblige, yours  
respectfully,  
C. E. T.

Cynthia—your name is Cynthia, is it  
not?—you flatter us. In the course of our  
experience we have been asked to refer to  
a prize fight, to suggest names for twins  
and hippopotamus babies, to attend func-  
tions, decide wagers, explain the ratio of  
16 to 1, and throw light upon the Raines  
law. This, however, is the first appeal  
that has ever been made to our poetic  
nature, and, oh! Cynthia, it tickles us to  
death!

We regret exceedingly, Cynthia—we take  
it for granted that your name is Cynthia—  
that you do not specify what kind of lines  
you wish us to compose. There are many  
kinds of lines in poetry, and, while one  
kind is as easy to us as another, we have  
not the time to give you a sample of each.

You do not say, Cynthia, whether you  
want merely a simple couplet, constructed,  
for instance, after this fashion:  
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la.  
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la.  
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la.  
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la.

or a full-fledged quatrain, with a double-  
decked rhyme, like:  
..... love,  
..... tripe,  
..... dove,  
..... pipe!

Then, again, Cynthia—your name must be  
Cynthia—you have not signified a preference  
for any particular distribution of the  
metrical feet of your lines. How are we to  
know whether you wish the lines to be  
composed of trochees, spondee or dactyls?  
How can we guess whether you want them  
to swing along in majestic measure, like  
this, for instance:  
How, wondrous, row, for the pride of the High-  
lands!

Stretch to your ears for the evergreen pine!  
Oh! that the roebuck that grazes you islands,  
Were wreathed in a garland around him to  
twine!  
or to falter, halting, lingeringly, slow, like:  
She—never—saw the streets of Cairo.  
On the—Midway—she had—never been.

We hope you understand our predicam-  
ent, Cynthia. Another obstacle in our  
way is the pipe. Can't you give him some-  
thing else? If you only knew how poverty  
afflicts the English language is in the way  
of rhymes for "pipe" we are sure you  
would have selected some other token of  
your esteem for the young man. If you  
had only made it a cigar—the very men-  
tion of the word our brain buzzes with  
rhymes! Just think—good cigar, near and  
far, bench and bar, trolley car, Leyden jar,  
ganz and gar, here we are, speak to pat!  
There's rhymes for you!

But pipe—Cynthia, why did you select a  
pipe? We have consulted our rhyming dic-  
tionary, out pops for Pegasus and our  
Poet's Guide, and in all these books the  
only rhymes for pipe that we have been  
able to find are stripe, swipe, gripe, tripe,  
ripe and salpe. Did you ever know such  
poverty of words?

If you had only given us a description of  
the pipe, it would have been of infinite  
assistance to us. We would then have had  
another straw to cling to. Thus, if we  
knew it was a clay pipe, we might have  
suggested:  
Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay,  
Upon the altar of my love I lay.

But then, of course, we should have to  
know something more about your feelings  
toward this young man. Upon the whole,  
Cynthia, we would prefer that you give us  
a few more details before we let our poetic  
nature loose upon the subject.

Johanna Ambrosius, the German peasant  
poet, whose works have been compared to  
all that is classic in German literature, was  
the second child of a workman, and as her  
mother was an invalid Johanna and her  
sister while yet mere children were  
compelled to do all the housework for the  
family. As a young girl the unfortunate  
poet went into service, but seems to have  
been very unhappy, for she soon returned  
home.

Miss Jean Ingelow lives with her  
bachelor brother in a quaint little house  
in Kensington, where she has a complete  
horror of any publicity, it is said. Al-  
though her house is minute in size, she  
reveals her intense passion for flowers in  
her vast conservatories, where the roses,  
which bloom all the year through, are un-  
rivalled in splendor of color and beauty  
of growth. Another hobby of the aged  
poet is birds, and an aviary built in the  
conservatory, which in turn opens into  
the drawing room, is a source of great de-  
light to her. Nothing pleases the little  
woman so much as to turn her feathered  
pets loose among the flowers, so that she  
may watch them while she sits writing  
at her desk.

More and more garish becomes the or-  
namentation on foreign gowns. Gold net  
is to be had worked with floral sprays in  
pearls, garnets and emeralds, and muslin  
even is encrusted with diamonds, rhine  
stones, pearls, sapphires or opalescent  
shells.

In the way of millinery hats with trans-  
parent brims seem to be the greatest nov-  
elty. They are to be had in black or  
white. As for flowers they simply run ramp-  
ant, from aigrettes of iris, which seem to  
have just been gathered for the occasion,  
to the most natural dew-laden roses. Hats  
where the flowers, foundation and trim-  
mings are all in one uniform hue seem to  
find a good deal of favor and threaten to  
dethrone the startling combinations that  
were in vogue earlier in the season.

Hats may be worn either very large or  
very small, crowded with all sorts of trim-  
ming or bearing scarcely any. A very  
pretty capeline made of Italian straw had  
only a few fern leaves and a couple of bows  
of black velvet for ornamentation. An-  
other, a red straw, was turned up at the  
back with poppies; it was laden with  
feathers, shrouded in black lace, and gar-  
landed with various field flowers.

Another good "pick-me-up" and appetizer  
is pure clean juice. Put a little cracked ice  
in a wine glass, fill it up with the juice,  
and drink when the ice has dissolved.

## MORE DESIGNS FOR A STORM FROCK.

To the woman submitting the  
best design for a rainy-day cos-  
tume, THE JOURNAL offers that  
costume made by one of the lead-  
ing tailors of New York.

The competition will last until  
Monday, July 20. The decision will  
be made known as soon as possi-  
ble after the closing of the contest.

All designs must be accompanied

by the name and address of the  
sender. A sketch accompanied by  
a description of the gown is de-  
sirable. The sketch need not be a  
finished, artistic production, but  
should give the designer's idea. All  
letters should be addressed to the  
Editor of the Woman's Page.

Jury of award, Mrs. Jenness  
Miller, Mrs. Donald McLean and Dr.  
Grace Peckham Murray.

The first design submitted by M. A. G., of  
Cambridge, Mass., shows a long water-  
proof cloak, made to reach the shoe tops.  
Beneath it bloomers are worn. The material  
is waterproof cloth with a coverlet  
finish.

The second design represents the ideal  
storm dress of M. McG. W., of New York  
City. It is made of tweed, in any becoming  
color, with a skirt six inches above the  
ground, faced with rubber cloth. At the  
top it is set into a corset band, which  
has loops under either arm upon the out-

side, for fastening corresponding hooks  
upon the jacket, which is thus fitted snug-  
ly in the back. The jacket has a French  
back and is cut without ruffles. It is worn  
over a waist of silk grass linen, accord-  
ing to season, and has straight double-  
breasted fronts, with very broad revers, and  
a deep falling collar at the back. The col-  
lar is interlined with waterproof material,  
thus protecting chest and shoulders.

The third costume is the design of M. S.,  
of East Northport, L. I. It is made of navy  
blue waterproof material, trimmed with  
black military braid and cord.

A SEASONABLE LUXURY.

This is the sort of weather that makes a  
deodorizer essential for health as well as  
comfort. The compounds known to house-  
keepers are innumerable, but more or less  
valuable. One of the best is lavender  
salts, which any one can prepare. In a  
wide-mouthed bottle drop lumps of am-  
monia, and pour over as much spirits of  
lavender as the bottle will hold. Fifty  
cents worth of materials will furnish pur-  
suits for months. When a room or ward-  
robe needs refreshing, place the bottle in  
it, and let it evaporate. The odor is open  
for an hour. The evaporation not only  
sweetens, but purifies. The open bottle,  
placed near a window or door, will have a  
pleasant, soothing effect on a tired lounge.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

Miss Perkins, who is travelling in Europe  
under the care of Mrs. Maude Howe Elliott,  
of Boston, is a grand-daughter of the late  
Stephen Weld, of Boston, and an heiress  
to some \$4,000,000.

Commodore Gerry and his family have  
been travelling extensively on the Continent  
and are now enjoying themselves in Lon-  
don.

Miss Callender and Miss De Forest, whose  
madness are a distinctive feature of New  
York's gayest season, are in Paris attending  
every concert and piece of importance.

Mrs. Bradley Martin is chaperoning her  
pretty niece, Sibyl Sherman, through her  
season.

bottom of the sill proper is fastened a  
shelf, lined with pots, out of which spring  
plants and vines, trained tastefully in and  
out the trellis. Two or three brackets sit-  
uated anywhere, and at any angle, hold  
fancy vases with more growing blossoms,  
while just across one corner a bit of light  
drapery floats picturesquely.

Another commonplace window may be  
transformed with not so much expense or  
expense into a spot where the eye loves to  
dwell. Bamboo, as the lighter and most  
summers of woods, is again used for a  
bracket table. From a trelliswork at the  
top of the window curtains of fancy flow-  
ered muslin are draped and caught back  
on each side with large bows of white ta-  
feta linen. A small three-legged table  
with a large growing plant stands at  
one side and emphasizes the miniature con-  
servatory.

the middle and run a case for a drawing  
string, leaving a double heading an inch  
deep. Run another case at the bottom  
end, but make the ruffle deeper—at  
least two inches. For the upper end  
double the cloth down six inches deep,  
stitch it down neatly, then run two cas-  
ings in the double part two inches below  
the edge.

Line the basket inside with the same  
cloth put in daisies and coming well over  
the upper rim. Tack it fast; then put on  
the shirred outer covering, then drawing  
the middle case up, tuck it in, and draw  
it to the basket rim, so the heading shall stand  
above it. The bottom one needs simply to  
be drawn up and fast, as the heading of the  
top will keep it in place. In the double  
casings put narrow ribbons, arranging  
them to draw on opposite sides of the  
strings of a trellis. They close the mouth  
of the bag formed by the upper part,  
which more than doubles the basket's  
capacity—and saves its contents from dust,  
dirt and prying eyes.

If preferred, the bag may be double  
throughout, with two pockets around the  
sides, shoes for all the family may be kept  
in one, and hats and parasols in the other.  
For the folk baskets of the smaller  
size, thus arranged, and apportioned one  
to each child for the storage of small be-  
longings, and for the expression of the  
childish feelings and maternal  
patience.

## FASHION NOTES.